

January 4, 1984

Mr. Robert Powell
13 Park Place
Carbondale, PA 18407

Dear Robert,

Delighted to hear from you. In the elevator coming up to the apartment after checking the mailbox I glanced down at the tidal wave of junk mail that seems to flow in with daily regularity, saw your envelope, looked at it more closely and thought perhaps I saw . . . was it? . . . Well, I let out a whoop and thereby gave audible justification to the suspicions of the other householders in the elevator about that madman in 33-H.

That Christmas card only improves with age.

I'm glad to hear that all is going well in the country but I want to hear much, much more. Details, please.

By way of example I shall now embark on a small memoir covering the last nine months (with pauses for reflections and digressions) of my life at Wave Crest Over Hudson.

It has been a very fruitful period of my existence. I have just completed a minor oeuvre for which I am planning an appropriate "do." And you simply must be there. Although I am not planning to slap you with a paternity suit you were indeed there at the inception and therefore bear a considerable part of the, not blame, mind you, responsibility for what God hath wrought. I am referring to my recently completed opus - some 28 or so Wang Glossary programs with handbook which I am at this very moment sending to Washington to be baptised in the name of the copyright law as Wings-For-Wangs. I know the name is tacky but it allows me a free ride on the coattails of the parent company, Who King, from J. T. King Software, but Wings-For-Wangs Ahhhh!

teaching of law suits, I have had one with that dreadful scam of schlocky computer school. I finished with them in March and they sued a couple of months later for the fee for the whole of the nine months course (I am proud to say I had only paid them half of the fees for the five months I was there.) I, of course, sued right back with the help of a young, bright, black Legal Aid lawyer, (yes, Uncle Sam had been picking up the tab for my existence and paying my tuition since the previous autumn), and have heard nary a word since.

The S. Robert Powell Memorial Library (and junk room) has recently and only temporarily been transformed into the J. T. King Student Hostel. A one John Donohue who is outstanding by both his absences and his silence when present, resides there. So far I know only that he pays his rent on time, is a student at Fordham, has a full-time job with a bank, graduated from a Gymnasium in Switzerland, was in the Army Intelligence where he was trained at Monterey, California in the Russian language and is slightly overweight. I moved all my furniture into his room, the butcher block chair and couch and one of my wooden cabinets. He was 'ravi.' He pays me \$235 per month. I am 'ravi.'


Needless to say this is all being written on company time, on a company machine in the true Powell manner.

There is more but I shall not bore you and get myself fired in the process.

Westminster Bank PLC
Executive Office of North America
Personnel Office
100 Wall Street
New York, N.Y. 10005

Best wishes for the new year,

P.S. I'm still the "Constant Temp," and I'm back on the Street with a British bank, National Westminster.

National Westminster Bank PLC 
Executive Office North America
100 Wall Street, New York, N.Y. 10005
J. T. King
Wave Crest Over Hudson
790 11th Avenue
New York, New York 10019

Mr. Robert Powell
13 Park Place
Carbondale, Pa POW 13 051113A1 01/11/84

POWELL
8 HENDRICK LANE
CARBONDALE PA 18407

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Joseph is one of
a small handful
of people who
have profoundly
affected my
entire being /
life, by which
I mean — "I

am today what
I am because
of certain people!
Other who have
influenced me
in a similar
manner are:

- John Andrew Frey
- Virginia Jones
- Eleanor Pritchard Jones
- Edna Loomis Loomis
- HLRP / WSP.
- JRB

Having written
down those
names, I
immediately
wonder —
Whom have
I forgotten?